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literary painters and of art that usurps the place of the pulpit." Even though we may sympathize with M. de Goncourt in his dislike of the pronounced tendency of a certain school in France to mix with their colors aims and motives with which art has really nothing to do, it certainly is not fair to accuse Greuze of being the introducer of this mistaken practice. It has existed in art for a much longer time than his remarks would seem to indicate, and even according to his own showing it was to Hogarth rather than to Greuze that the fatal step was due. And considering what the times were, and how very thin was the moral gauze that Greuze spread over his subjects and into how few of them any appreciable amount of morality entered at all, we think he hardly deserves the credit of so much influence as M. de Goncourt attributes to him. Surely this sort of thing was in the air all over Northern Europe, in Germany, in England, and even in France, and the insistence of morals was in proportion to the open license of the time which pervaded all ranks, and was most marked among the moralists themselves. It is interesting to read the story of Greuze's household, with his dissolute wife at the head of it, and his mean-spirited submission to her irregularities, and then to see how little moral fibre there is in the sermons he was so fond of painting.

It was only by his sentimentality, so exactly in accord with the spirit of his time, that Greuze won his way. His color was never good, and it is because of its bright and clear coloring, so opposed to the general practice of the artist, that we are in doubt as to his authorship of the nymph in the Historical Society, and his drawing is notoriously incorrect. But there is an innocence, however superficial, and a sweetness, even if it be never quite free from consciousness, in the heads of his young girls and children, which, in the time of Rousseau, St. Pierre, and the German sentimentalists, was felt to be quite à la mode. There were not wanting sharp eyes, however, to spy out Greuze's make-believe, and Diderot, his fast friend, was as little deceived as if he had been an enemy searching for weak places in the artist's armor. It was not precisely the picture we have engraved, but another "Young Girl Lamenting the Death of her Bird," about which Diderot wrote so gayly, so to all appearance amiably, and yet with such malicious pungency, in his review of the Salon of 1765, for Greuze painted this subject several times, each time varying his composition somewhat. And it may be remarked in passing that it is in the preface to what he has to say about this picture, that we find some of his more striking expressions—that, for instance, which has become famous: "Our good qualities, some of them at least, are very nearly related to our faults." This is apropos of what he has to say of Greuze's vanity: "He is a little vain, this painter of ours" (he addressed these notes to his friend Grimm), "but his vanity is that of a child; he is intoxicated with his own talent. Take away from his character that simple-heartedness which makes him cry out at the sight of his own works, 'Look at that, now, and tell me if it is not beautiful!' he would lose his spirit, his fire would die out, and his genius hide under a cloud. I very much fear that if he were once to become modest he would find life no longer worth living."

Like many a man who has a marked talent for some one thing, that all the world recognizes, and by the exercise of which he gains fame and coins money, Greuze thought that he had a talent for something

very different. He was made by nature expressly to paint such subjects as we have engraved for our readers, but he was sure that he had a genius for painting history, and he grudged that his great ability in this direction was denied. He was elected to the Academy, but he could not receive his diploma until he should have complied with the regulations by sending in a picture to be passed upon by the Council. He delayed this so long and paid so little attention to the repeated remonstrances of the artists that at length he was informed, politely but firmly, that he could not be allowed to exhibit until he had obeyed the rules. He then sent in a large historical picture, "Septimus Severus Reproaching his son Caracalla for having Attempted his Life in the Highlands of Scotland, and saying to him, 'If you wish my death, order Papinian to kill me.'" The Council of the Academy met, and while Greuze, confident of success, awaited their award in the antechamber, the Academicians gravely examined the piece, and having

gained are higher and higher. But with the world at large he hardly holds his place. We ask for more scientific painting, for correcter drawing, and as for the subject we prefer either a more robust virtue or less prudery in concealing the want of it.

RESTORATIONS OF SCULPTURE IN EUROPEAN MUSEUMS.

(CONCLUDED.)

It should be remembered that the presence of clever and probable restorations, however acknowledged and however visible, is apt to mislead even the somewhat careful student. Writers who, like Mr. Symonds (to take a notable instance and a good one, for no such writer is more conscientious or more prudent), are accustomed to compare one art with another, or art with literature, in the search for light upon thought and upon human nature in classic times, are always in danger of reasoning from the completed statue or group, as if all parts of it were equally authentic. The ancient torso, with limbs and a nose of good modern work, accepted as a complete work of art by too many students during several generations, has become a complete work of art in the mind of the man who, at a distance and recalling his strong impressions, seeks to draw from them conclusions and beliefs which will be based upon not quite trustworthy material. Even professedly archæological writers are misled in that way. Our books of examples give us, as authentic ancient work, much-restored statues; and even one of the latest, Mr. Murray's "Greek Sculpture before Phidias," will be found to give an illustration of the Harmodius and Aristogeiton of Naples with the wrongly-adjusted head, described before, as if an original part of the statue to which it is attached. It will be said that a remedy for the mischief of restoration is found in giving an exact account of the restorations made. And this would be a good way if there were not a better—that is, the simple leaving them *not* made. Little by little the museums of Europe are coming into line, with more or less complete statements as to the mischief done. The Louvre has it in a little framed poster on each pedestal. The Capitol Museum, the Dresden Museum, and some others—alas! too few—have it clearly set forth in

their catalogues. The Uffizzi catalogue has it, sometimes in the text, sometimes in a note, in such fashion that one is never sure whether to expect it when most needed. The catalogue of the Munich Glyptothek is the model one in this respect: every modern scrap is carefully indicated and described, and the judicious author has something to say by way of criticism of the more unfortunate instances of mistaken addition. But half the museums are without catalogues at present, leaving the student to imagine what fine ones his successors will have to guide them when their turn comes.

The Dresden Museum of Antiques in the Japanese Palace is not too admirable in the condition of its works of art; the German guide-books even agree as to the "ergänzt" condition of most of its sculptures. But its perhaps most valuable, certainly most curious possession, the archaic Athene, with the heavily embroidered border hanging down the front of her peplos, is unaltered. Two pedestals stand out in the room, well toward the windows; the one supports the origi-



"THE DEAD BIRD." BY GREUZE.

IN THE COLLECTION OF THE BARONESS NATHANIEL ROTHSCHILD.

made up their minds without loss of time, ordered the doors to be opened and Greuze to be summoned. "Sir," said the Director, "you are admitted to the Academy, and I will administer the oath," and, the ceremony, finished, he resumed, "The Academy has received you, but it welcomes you as a genre painter, not as a painter of history. The Academy remembers your former works, which deserve all praise; as for this, it is unworthy both of the Academy and of you." All the high hopes of Greuze vanished into thin air at the word; in vain he attempted to defend himself; the Council listened with ill-concealed amusement, and when he persisted, the artist Lagrenée drew a pencil from his pocket and corrected before his eyes some of the mistakes in the drawing. Greuze withdrew in anger, and never exhibited again at the Academy.

Greuze's reputation as a painter of heads and of genre pictures, domesticities and moralities, still keeps its hold on the collector's heart in France, and at every sale where his pictures appear the prices

nal, a sadly-broken and defective statue, though what remains is in good condition, neither defaced nor much discolored; the other holds up, for comparison with it, a restoration by Rauch—his conception of what the original must have been. This is what all must come to. No great museum can afford to go on much longer with its sham antiques, built up with a classical nucleus and a bewildering crowd of modern additions to confuse the student. The restored models will be based upon accurate casts of the original; as many different ones will be set up as seem worthy of consideration. Some museums will have them side by side with the original, for better comparison; others, with a sense of the higher dignity of the original, will relegate the studies of restoration to separate halls. And the catalogues will contain each modern sculptor's arguments for his own theory of what the original was when complete. But the marble itself shall have added to it neither nose nor finger, nor lip of vase, nor fold of drapery. If a limb is found broken off, and the edges fit perfectly, it may be attached, the catalogue calling attention to the repair. If a piece of a limb be found not capable of direct fitting into place, like the forearm and hand where the upper arm is lost, a metal bar may connect the member with the trunk at about its proper place. Where feet or legs (of a standing statue) are lost, the figure may be held at its proper height above the pedestal upon metal bars, or the pedestal may be shaped out, or may support a pilaster or block, to do the same office. But no completing of the statue or of any part of it will be allowed, whether in marble, or in plaster, wood, or papier-mâché.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

RETROUSSAGE IN ETCHING.

ON the question as to the propriety of the use of *retroussage* in etching, the following remarks by Mr. C. O. Murray, in *The Etcher*, will undoubtedly be read with interest: "Is the result called in question a desirable one? Can it be better or more easily

no tint between the lines in them—as the writer in *The Pall Mall Gazette* says—is, we know, the wildest mistake. Again, it is in essence the same result aimed at and so well attained in a few impressions in the charming drypoint of Rembrandt's time and our own. Can it be better done in any other way? 'We know of none,' is the practical answer that all concur in. Lastly, does it print well, and with the requisite iden-



"THE YOUNG ARTIST." BY GREUZE.

tity of impression? The simplest answer to this is got by inspecting several copies of any one of the first-class serials that publish etchings by the thousand. They are probably all treated by *retroussage*, and the identity of impression is perfectly satisfactory.

True, they are not at all absolutely alike. . . . It is inherent in all intaglio printing that no two impressions can be identically alike. It must be done by hand. Nay, the ink must be made up fresh every day, and varied to the character of the plate. On its color and quality the result largely depends. Try as we may, we cannot dispense with a good head and hands in that important co-operator—the printer. But is that so much to be regretted? Does it not rather lend a charm to our combined art, that brains are needed to the making not merely of the plate, but of every impression?"

A CERTAIN serious objection to vast promiscuous exhibitions, like the Paris Salon and the Royal Academy in London, must have occurred to many a thoughtful visitor. One can plainly see, year after year, that artists are painting more and more for these exhibitions, and with malice aforethought forcing their canvases up to a burning point of color, as the only

means of giving them any existence amid the general glare. The old artists, the Venetians, did not paint for promiscuous galleries where John's blaze of yellow swears at Jack's blue glare. Had they done so they would not now be our masters. The effect of these exhibitions is that not only the visitor in a very short time loses every perception of natural color and finds

nothing attractive that is not showy to coarseness, but the artists themselves find that pictures, which in their studios were true to nature's own bright sunniness and nature's always transparent shadow, here seem weak and vague contrasted with work forced up to an artificial standard of violent contrasts and striking "effects." That the leading French artists themselves are conscious of this, is proved by the fact that every year their own work may be seen judiciously placed by the hanging committee in the centre of a sphere of surrounding canvases (generally landscapes) chosen expressly as foils or backgrounds for the central color. So marked is this, that whenever in the Salon one sees a frame of seemingly insignificant pictures surrounding some central splendor, one need not consult the catalogue to know that the lesser have been sacrificed to some famous name.

"THE other day," writes a Paris correspondent of *THE ART AMATEUR*, "I made a pilgrimage to the Rue Notre-Dame du Champs, to the atelier of M. Charles Champigneulle, the glass-painter who has restored so much of the glass-work in the French cathedrals, and who has produced some of the finest modern painted glass in Paris, among others the brilliant windows in the Indian style in the façade of the Eden Theatre. The special attraction was a vast window, which M. Champigneulle has just executed for the dining-room of the new villa that the diva, Anna Judic, has built for herself in the Rue Nouvelle. The design of the *verrière* in question is the parting of Antony and Cleopatra, and it is simply a reproduction in glass of Tiepolo's famous fresco at Venice. The composition, with its grand architectural framework of columns and frieze and pediment, all of a delicate, blonde tone, relieved in the centre, just where the story of the picture is told, by the brilliant colors of the costumes, admirably suits the purpose; the *verrière* is a window as well as a picture, and, thanks to its blonde transparency of tone, the light is tempered without being weakened. Such compositions with their classical encadrements, such as Veronese and Tiepolo affected,



"LITTLE GIRL AND DOG." BY GREUZE.

produced in some other way? In the case of an etching, does it admit of the requisite number of impressions being taken with the requisite identity? Firstly, then, the result of *retroussage* is surely desirable. What is it but the result aimed at and attained by Rembrandt (though probably by another method) in all his best impressions? To say that there is



"VILLAGE MAIDEN." BY GREUZE.

are excellent subjects for glass-painters. In the atelier I noticed in progress several modern French designs, side by side with others of more archaic inspiration, drawings of which I hope to send you one of these days. Painted glass is as much à la mode here as in the United States, and the French artists are no longer content either with old designs or old processes."